

The Furry Tamer
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The bunny felt a tingle in his hole and suddenly felt soft mush pushing its way into his diaper. He sat down on the colorful mat and winced as he felt the mush spread forward and push up against his chastity cage. Daddy had had him in diapers full-time for the better part of a month, and he knew the chances of retaining control of his potty skills were slim at best, since he was never allowed to use the toilet.

The white wolf who had been calling him over for uppies ran to help him up. Daddy had piercing blue eyes and a luxurious furry mane. He was someone that the little white bunny would have fallen for instantly in his previous life – and in fact, he had.

"Ohhh no! Did the little bunny fall down? It's okay little guy, you'll get the hang of walking soon enough."

Then he sniffed the air and his eyebrows went up. Almost immediately, he broke into a big smile. He lifted the bunny up and brought his nose to the leg hole giving it a big sniff. The bunny blushed and whined around his carrot-themed pacifier.

"Somebody's a messy baby bunny! That's my good boy, using your diapers like you're supposed to! Well isn't this a nice present for Daddy?" He said, pawing the back of the embarrassed fur's diaper, and fondling the heft.

"My, my, I guess that potty lock was a good investment, little guy. You're finally messing without control! Now let's get you changed and stuff that little tummy wummy so you can make more presents for Daddy!"

The bunny was carried to the changing table and laid out on his back. Daddy cooed as he stripped off his sodden and soiled diaper, wiping off the mess with the front of it and finishing the job with the wet wipes. He paid special attention to the chastity cage which had also gotten some mess on it before tossing the wipes and the balled-up diaper into the diaper pail.

"Who's my little locked bunbun? Since you're such a good little boy, I think I'll let you out for the day!"

He grabbed a small silver key and inserted it into the lock, sliding it off of the cage, and disassembling the contraption for the first time since his diaper treatment started. The bunny sighed with relief as his aching balls were given a rest and rubbed with soothing lotion. Daddy reached below the table and grabbed a pink and white diaper with pastel unicorns prancing across the front.

"Look! It's little Walphy's favorite!"

The bunny formerly known as Ralph groaned and scrunched up his face in distaste, yet his little member was instantly hard as Daddy slid the crinkly cushion under his bum along with several soaker pads for good measure.

"Aww, look at that! Hard already! But it looks like the cage has already done its job! Your little thingy is toddler-sized now!"

The bunny's eyes shot open as he sat up and caught a glimpse of his hardened member before it was covered by the front of the diaper. He gasped. It was only 2 inches long hard! He had been small before, but not that small!

"Wa- wa happen?" He whined, around the pacifier.

His daddy just smiled and put a hand on his chest, pushing the bunny back down into a lying position.

"Don't worry, little one. Now your little peepee is the perfect size for diapers! And you can make stickies into your favorite diapees as much as you want! At least until we take care of your little nuggets down below. We can't have horny little bunny boys spending ALL their time humping their wet and messy diapers, now can we?"

The bunny just laid back and cried. He was losing his bathroom control and his bunhood. He didn't even put up a struggle as Daddy lifted him and carried him out of the room, his hand supporting the bun's well-padded bottom.

"Aww. There there, little one. Daddy's got you. Put your arms around my neck. There's a good boy. You'll feel better after a good meal and a nap, hmm?"

The bunny just nodded and sniffled as Daddy brought him over to his pastel-pink highchair. He was strapped in as normal with restraints at the wrists and ankles, and straps that held his thighs open, exposing his thick diaper for the cameras.

The white wolf lowered a mounted wand to rest against the front of the pink diaper and set it to remote control. Every time the infantilized bunny accepted a bite of food, he would get a little buzz of positive reinforcement.

The wolf stacked several jars of baby food on the tray.

"On the menu today we have three courses! Peas, prunes, and carrots for dessert - I know they're bunny's favorite. He put a big bib around the bunny's neck that said 'daddy's little sissy bunny' on the front, popped out the pacifier to let it dangle on its clip, and proceeded to feed Ralph in the most humiliating way possible.

"Open the hatch little bun! I'm coming in for a landing!"

The wolf tickled his feet and shoved the food in when the bunny giggled. The wolf made sure to lift up as he pulled out the spoon so that the food stayed in Ralph's mouth. Ralph was immediately rewarded with an intense little jolt on the front of his diaper, and he gave a little moan. Daddy always had his tricks to get the bunny started. Spoonful after spoonful of disgusting glop was deposited into the bunny's waiting mouth. Daddy was an expert at this and benefited from the advice of the fans who watched the 24/7 live stream avidly. The bunny's own parents had contributed a good amount of advice about how to keep their son in control, just glad that he was safe with Daddy and staying out of trouble.

Once the food was all gone, the wolf fastened a pastel pink feeder gag around the bunny's mouth, and attached the feeder hose, which ended in a bulb shaped just like a miniature wolf cock, right down to the knot.

"Okay, bunny. You're not gonna like this so much, but I'm gonna give you lots of juice and fiber today. Since you made your first unexpected messy today, we have to make sure you don't go back on your progress, so for the next couple of days you're gonna be pooping pretty constantly until your body learns to always stay relaxed back there."

The bunny pulled on his restraints and mmped around the gag to protest, but the wolf just flipped a switch and the mush made its way inexorably toward his mouth. There was no getting out of it. The bunny could only watch as it got closer and closer, heedless of his frantic struggles, until finally it began to squirt from the tip of the silicone cock into the bunny's mouth. The bunny swallowed and was rewarded with another buzz on his diaper. He squirmed and moaned a bit until he was forced to swallow again, which resulted in another buzz and more squirming and moaning. The intense sensation on his newly freed cock caused the bunny's legs to involuntarily contract, but the thick padding and the secure straps prevented him from bringing his knees together.

The bunny knew what was happening and he tried to stop it, attempting to maneuver himself away from the touch of the wand as he was forced to swallow yet again, but it was no use. He couldn't budge, and his eyes rolled back into his head as a third powerful buzz brought him to further heights of ecstasy whether he liked it or not. It continued on like this until the bunny was desperately sucking on the bulb to keep the vibrations going nonstop, just as Daddy knew he would. Being a bunny he didn't need any recovery time and he came into the diaper multiple times throughout the feeding.

After a while, the bunny's tummy began to bulge over the tray. He was very full, but also so horny that he couldn't stop sucking. He squealed as he came into his diaper for the fifth time in a row and finally the wolf switched off the feeder, removing the tube and petting the bunny on the head.

"Good boy," he said, and he grabbed a washcloth to wipe down the drooly Bunny's mouth and face. "You're so well behaved today letting daddy get you all cleaned up! Such an obedient baby bunny now!"

The bunny was still in the post orgasm haze of his feeding and just smiled and nodded. The wolf knew this was the perfect time to imprint more suggestions on his charge.

"Yes, you love your feeding and you love your diapees. That's why you made so many stickies! You love being Daddy's little baby boy and every time you think about trying to get away, you remember how much you like being a baby bunny... You remember how much you love it here, and wonder why you would ever want to leave! And every time you make stickies you get a little bit dumber, a little more of your big boy brain drains into your diaper leaving behind an obedient little bunny with an empty head. An empty head that Daddy will fill with horny thoughts about diapers and feedings and Daddy's dick. Isn't that wonderful, my dumb little bunny boy?"

The bunny just nodded and grinned.

"Good boy!"

The bunny felt all warm and fuzzy inside. Daddy thought he was a good boy. That was good. It wasn't until he was carried back to his crib that his mind started to clear again.

"Okay, little one. Enjoy your nap!" Daddy gave his diaper an experimental feel eliciting a gasp and a blush from the bunny. "Wet already huh? Well, that's why you need all those extra stuffers, little one! This ought to hold up a while longer. Now sleep tight, baby, and don't even think of trying to leave your little crib!"

Daddy closed the door to the nursery softly and soothing infantile music began to play in the room. The bunny could hear a soft voice barely noticeable beneath the music. He knew it was putting suggestions into his mind, and he did his best to position his stuffies over his ears and block it out. There was no blanket or pillow in the crib, just a waterproof cover. Daddy said blankets and pillows were dangerous for babies, but at least the room was kept at a comfortable temperature. The bunny looked down at his soft baby belly. He had been so skinny when he first met Daddy. He was just trolling for more cock at the local bar when a gorgeous white wolf he had never seen showed up. How could he know that it was a set-up?

His family and friends had been worried about his behavior for some time. He was drinking too much, they said. Going home with strangers who he didn't even know. He was neglecting his responsibilities and taking too many risks. They had an intervention. He walked out. What did they know? What business of it was theirs? And what could they do about it anyway?

It turns out there was a lot they could do. They found Daddy. When Ralph first spoke with the wolf, Daddy promised him he would always be safe and happy. Ralph thought that that was a big promise from someone he just wanted to blow in the alley behind the bar. Unfortunately, he hadn't paid attention to the van parked in the alley. He was too busy working out the load from Daddy's balls. Too busy swallowing all that spunk to see Daddy taking something out of his pocket. Too busy savoring the taste as he milked every last drop. Until he felt the prick of a needle followed by warmth and darkness.

The bunny awoke with a start. He must have dozed off in the crib thinking about his last day as a free fur. He shook his head and looked up at the crib rails with renewed resolve. That may have been his last day as a grown bunny, but it didn't have to be! The bars weren't that high. He could get out!

He was too weak to pull his whole body up, but he managed to stack his plushies in such a way that he could get his little bunny elbows over the top. He brought a leg over and held onto the top of the rail to keep steady. As soon as his diaper came into contact with the hard wooden surface of the rails, his warm squishy padding sent a jolt through his body, and his new conditioning kicked in. He would escape in a second, but first he just *had* to hump his diapers. As he began to thrust his little baby dick into the front of squishy padding, his thoughts of escape began to fall further and further from the front of his mind. He could feel himself peeing more, causing the padding to continue to swell and envelop his bits, becoming the perfect stroker for his 2-inch cock. His plans were soon forgotten altogether as he continued to hump and moan. His first orgasm was even better than the ones in the highchair. He just kept on humping until Daddy showed up and pulled him away. Of course Daddy had seen and heard everything on the monitors, as did the viewers, who were always excited to see how far little Ralpie would get in his next escape attempt.

"Oh dear, dear. I can see that big boy libido is going to be a problem. But then again, maybe not."

"Unff...wan more stickies...pweeze!"

The poor bunny hadn't cum in a month and he was desperate to keep going as if to make up for all that time locked up.

"Aww, poor baby boy. You're a very good little boy. I'll tell you what. Let's have a little fun with this."

Daddy brought the bunny to the changing table again and strapped him down face down.

"Hold tight, I've got to get something special!"

The bunny didn't acknowledge Daddy's words. He was already thrusting his way to another orgasm against the soft padding of the table.

"Okay little boy, I'm back!"

Daddy had appeared holding an unusual looking diaper. It had a holstein pattern all over the plastic, an 'udder' on the front, and tapes secured in the back. Daddy got to work cleaning up the baby who had managed to soak and mess his pamps at some point during his nap or his humping. The diaper was quickly replaced, and his tiny dick slotted into the udder area which felt somehow softer and smoother than normal. Almost like it was made of latex and memory foam. The feel of it made the bunny moan right away, as the diaper was securely fastened. The udders were then hooked up to tubes with hoses that led out of sight.

"Okay my little moo-cow. This is going to help you with your training. I've hooked you up to a special milking machine that is going to work with your diaper to suck out all your cummies and drain your brain of any big boy thoughts of escape, and it won't stop until the tank is completely filled. Of course you could try to resist, but don't think it will do you much good. I'm sure you don't want to anyway. You're just a hopelessly horny little bunny while you still have your little bunny balls, so might as well get out all those stickies while you can!"

Some part of the bunny sensed that he should be alarmed by what Daddy was saying, but his mind was having a hard time recalling enough of the speech to string the words together into a coherent idea. He was too horny. Too dumb. And as Daddy flipped the switch there was only one thing he wanted to do. He wanted to be Daddy's little moo-cow. A pair of headphones was slipped over his ears to reinforce the brain-draining suggestions as he was milked, and a paci was locked around his mouth, turning all his suckles and moans into mooing noises.

Daddy smiled as the first spurts of cum were sucked out of the diaper and down through the clear hoses. He brought out his notebook and marked down another item in a long list complete. This was going to be a great season, he could tell, and there were already plenty of applications with suggestions for who would be the next featured fur to go through the reform program of 'the furry tamer'.

As for little Ralphie, he would spend the rest of his life as a dumbed down bunny boy in diapers, but at least he was safe and happy.